

CATCH THE LEADERS

Heads of Mexican Revolution
are Now in Custody

TRAVELED AS PREACHERS

After Daily Sweating They Break
Down and Confess to Their Part
in Stirring up the Troubles—Find
Key to Secret Code.

MEXICO CITY, July 15.—The recent uprisings in the northern part of Mexico were incited by two Mexican agents of the junta in the United States, who traveled disguised as Baptist ministers or missionaries. These men, Eulalio Trevino and Cosme Pena, were recently captured at the town of Vanegas in the state of San Luis Potosi. They were brought to this city and the authorities daily submitted them to a sweating process and it was then that a confession was finally forced from them. According to the admissions in the depositions taken, Eulalio Trevino was president of a Mexican revolutionary club in San Antonio which was subsidiary to the junta at St. Louis. He came to Mexico under the name of Leopoldo Villareal and worked his way among the sympathizers of the juntas in the northern part of Mexico in the guise of a Baptist minister. He was accompanied by Cosme Pena another of the gang and both were passing as preachers and holding meetings before small congregations in the State of Coahuila and San Luis Potosi. After these meetings love feasts were held, in which only the elect remained, so as to keep the authorities blind as to their real purposes. Trevino and Pena were in direct communication with Magon, the leader who is now in the United States and from time to time sent him remittances from collections made. Judge Prezeleon, however, has brought out confessions from them that a portion of their collections were fraudulently applied to their own use and that they were using their connection with Magon to assist themselves in robbery. An important discovery was the key which Trevino had in his possession to a secret code believed to be that which Magon uses in communication with his Mexican following. Other documents have been found, the nature of which will not be made public. The information contained therein will be made use of largely when Mexico appeals to the United States for extradition of the participants in the recent raids in Coahuila.

PICTURES SENT BY WIRELESS

Another remarkable performance has been accomplished; one which in the interests of commerce will exercise a far-reaching influence upon every phase of industry from the one-cent newspaper to the rapid detection of crime. This is the transmission by ethric agency of photographs, pictures of all descriptions, handwriting, and designs—in short anything of an illustrative character.

This invention which has been brought to a stage of commercial practicability, has been evolved by a young Danish engineer, H. Knudsen, now resident in London. Both the transmitter and receiver are mounted upon small hollow rectangular pedestals similar in appearance to the sounding box of a phonograph and measuring only some two feet square. These contain the coil, clock-work driving mechanism, coherer and other electrical details and connections. The lid of the boxes carry two small tables on which the plates are clamped, and which travel synchronously in two horizontal directions, longitudinally and laterally. In this particular installation pictures up to five inches in length by four inches in breadth can be handled, but there is no limit to its accomplishments in this connection since it is merely a matter of increasing the dimensions of the table to accommodate the size of the picture to be dealt with. Above the traveling table carrying the picture to be dispatched stretches a fine strip of pliable steel suitably supported at either end by adjustable screws. From the center of this spring depends an inverted steel cone finely balanced, from the downward pointing apex of which projects a light lever carrying a very fine steel point which travels over the surface of the picture on the traveling table.

Above the base of this steel cone, and separated therefrom by a space no greater than the thickness of a piece of paper is an electrical contact. Now, owing to the cone and its needle being depended from the steel spring it is always vibrating but not sufficiently so as to strike the electrical contact above. This is only accomplished when the needle in passing over a raised portion of the picture which is specially prepared for the purpose is lifted to an appreciable extent. Then the contact is formed, the electrical connection is established and the impulse passes through the coils and the spark balls to the aerial and is dispatched on its passage through the air to be received by an instrument which is simply a practical reversal of the sender.—Technical World.

THE DANGEROUS HOUSE FLY.

Flies cause, in New York City alone, about 650 deaths from typhoid fever and about 7,000 deaths yearly from other diseases. Last year a fly was captured on South street, in New York (not far from one of the city's biggest meat and fish markets), that was found to be carrying in its mouth and on its legs more than one hundred thousand disease bacteria. Flies walk over decaying and fetid matter, for which they have a natural affinity, and then, entering meat markets and homes, travel over the food, explore the milk picher, and also light directly on the skin of the householder.—Success Magazine.

RESOURCE A MENACE

America's immeasurably greatest asset—her inland waterways,—is becoming a pronounced menace to the continent's future prosperity, because, through slovenly farming and profligate forest devastations, the streams are now rushing unchecked to the seas, taking with them on their travels the best elements of the fertile lands of the farming valleys. At the present rate on most careful estimates by the eminent scientist Dr. W. J. McGee, this soil waste is over a billion tons a year; an amount so stupendous that it is beyond powers of human comprehension. It is worth to the farmers not less than a dollar a ton and as the dangerous conditions are constantly increasing, the ownership of a Mississippi valley farm will soon be a burden rather than a blessing unless the devastation of the river slopes and watersheds be sharply checked.

Shifting bars on river bottoms mean lost farm land; rushing floods of muddy waters tell an eloquent story of piratical forestation and slipshod agriculture. Every ounce of sediment in flowing streams means lost soil which should be lying between farm furrows bringing grain and vegetables to fruition. Every muddy stream tells its own story of shifting banks and sliding soil. Farm outlines are being changed every twenty-four hours along those watercourses; the Father of Waters sweeping majestically to the south with thousands of tons of earth carried in the shape of sediment and with the richest soil salts held in solution, for this river erosion robs the farmers by three processes; taking first the solid material which the currents roll seaward on the river bottoms; secondly by the quantities which flow in suspension as a sediment, and last, by the soil salts which disappear in solution.—Technical World.

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The Best of Backs Are Bad When
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Know It.

A bad back is always bad.
Bad at night when bedtime comes,
Just as bad in the morning.
Ever try Doan's Kidney Pills for it?
Know they cure backache—cure every kidney ill?

William McLarty, living at 16th and Washington streets, Oregon City, Ore., says: "I had persistent backache and pain through the loins that seemed to never let up. At night I could not find a comfortable position or get any restful sleep on account of the continual aching and as a result, I lost energy. I learned of Doan's Kidney Pills curing others of similar troubles and I procured a box. By the time I had used half of one box, there was so much improvement that it seemed almost unnecessary to take any more, but I finished the box to make sure of a permanent cure."

For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, New York, sole agents for the United States.
Remember the name—Doan's—and take no other.

Willieboy's
Wading...

By LULU JOHNSON.

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Willieboy was having the time of his young life. He had made the startling discovery that the joys of wading through the water without getting his feet wet were as nothing to the greater joy of wading through water which came over the top of the rubber boots. The cold water was refreshing to feet tired and burning from the double heat of thick felt lining and impervious rubber. Then, too, the gurgling sound produced by the movement of the foot within the boot and the pull of the water as he pushed forward—each was a separate joy.

This joy, alas, was threatened with extermination by the unexpected approach of his sister. Willieboy turned his back upon the shore and affected a deep absorption in the expanse of the lake.

It was barely possible that Nell might not recognize him if he kept his

WITHOUT ANOTHER WORD BANNISTER
STRODE INTO THE WATER.

back turned. So he stared out over the lake with an intenseness that proved his undoing, for his sister was attracted by the motionless little figure and stopped to see what held the child's attention for so long.

Both she and Arthur Bannister paused and strained their eyes in an endeavor to discover what the interesting object might be, and, failing to see anything unusual in the appearance of the lake or the general view, they turned their attention to the small figure.

Detection would have been instantaneous if Willieboy had not taken the precaution to exchange coats with a neighbor boy early in the morning.

More than once the ruse had led to escape in some adventure, since the owner of the coat was able to prove an alibi. This time it proved futile, however, and Willieboy's own indiscretion proved his undoing.

Peeping from the corner of his eye, he saw that the lake shore as far as the next turn was deserted, and unwisely he decided that Nell and Arthur had passed around the curve and out of sight.

He was chuckling at his own cleverness when the smile froze upon his lips, for as he turned he confronted his sister, whose voice rose in shrill command that he come out at once.

"Won't," declared Willieboy.

"You'll get a whipping if you don't come out this instant," said Nell firmly. Willieboy smiled knowingly as he shook his head. Whether he came or not, punishment was now inevitable, so he might as well enjoy his fun to the utmost before he came forth to be soundly thrashed.

"You'll catch your death of cold," warned Nell, and Willieboy smiled afresh. The home treatment for colds was a delicious compound in which molasses figured largely, and Willieboy enjoyed having colds, even at the cost of pain in the throat and a feeling as though Maggie had put a flatiron on his chest.

"Are you coming?" demanded Nell as Willieboy's smile widened.

"No," said Willieboy, with impolite brevity.

"If I have to come and get you!" warned Nell.

Willieboy was moved to unseemly mirth and even Arthur smiled beneath his mustache at the idea of Nell in her pretty spring frock wading into the muddy waters of the lake after her truant brother.

But Willieboy was again his own undoing, for his calm defiance now moved Nell to tears, and Bannister slipped off his coat.

"William," he thundered, "if you don't come ashore this instant I'll come after you!"

Willieboy eyed him for an instant as though to size up his determination, and the delay was fatal, for without another word Bannister strode into the water.

Slowly Willieboy backed away until

he reached the edge of the bank beyond, where the bottom shelved sharply downward. There was a cry from Nell, an exclamation from Bannister,

and Willieboy went over backward into the deep water of the channel.

Down, down he went, the boots preventing his rising again to the top, and the cry of terror which he sought to voice became a mere bubble before it reached the surface. Then he felt something strike him, a hand grasped his collar, and Willieboy knew no more until he woke in his own little bed at home and looked up into his mother's eyes, red rimmed from weeping.

"Did he get me?" demanded Willieboy. His mother nodded.

"Arthur always gets what he goes after," said Willieboy contentedly. "If he'd waited I was coming in."

The boy dropped off to sleep again. But Nell, coming down the hall, heard the words, and she flushed softly. Arthur Bannister had a habit of getting what he wanted. At times it seemed to Nell as if he wanted her, and the thought brought a soft flush to her cheeks and a happy smile to her lips.

But in the days that followed the rescue of Willieboy it seemed as if Bannister had changed his mind, for, though he was a frequent caller and his eyes glowed with admiration as they rested upon Nell, he did not speak the words that hovered upon his tongue.

Still more significant was the fact that he no longer maneuvered to rid himself of the presence of Willieboy when that trouble brewer appeared upon the scene.

One afternoon the boy was sitting upon Bannister's lap as the latter waited for Nell to come downstairs, and with the curiosity of youth Willieboy was pursuing his investigations. The recent rescue of a pretty girl from the lake and a subsequently announced engagement between the rescued and rescuer had roused the boy's curiosity.

"We can't be engaged, can we?" demanded the child.

"Not very well," admitted Bannister, with a laugh.

"But you saved me," persisted the boy. "We ought to be engaged! Why don't you be engaged to Nell instead? That would be nicer."

For an instant Bannister forgot that he was speaking to a child.

"That was a bad day's work for me, Willieboy. I'm glad I saved you, but now my hands—and tongue—are tied."

"Willieboy!"

The child started at the odd note in his sister's voice. "Don't bother Mr. Bannister any longer," she continued. And as Willieboy fled Bannister sprang to his feet, with a glad light in his eyes. He knew that she had heard and understood. Willieboy's rescue did not stand between them, after all.

Probably it is your stomach and not your heart that causes pain in neighborhood of the heart. If it is, Lane's Family Medicine will give relief. 25 cents at druggists.

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SHE'S A QUEEN

SHE'S A SIREN



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